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POEMS

W. A. MACKENZIE





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P O E M S



P O E M S

BY

W. A. MACKENZIE

Semper ego auditor tantum?

ABERDEEN

J. JOHNSTON AND CO.

1893



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PRELUDE

HERE creeps among the nodding trees
The muted echo of a breeze,
Like humming of Hymettus' bees—

A music drowsy as the swoon
Of roses in a summer noon,
Or heat-haze in an ardent June.

Within this gracious greenery,
Where all things move to melody,
The wild sweet wells of Castalie

Are spinning forth their slender thread
Of crystal o'er a pebbly bed,
By bending grasses shadowèd.

As clash of elfin cymbals clear
Across a still, moon-haunted mere,
The rillet tinkles far and near,

And breaks anon to tiny falls
That shrill from foambells fairy-calls
And small staccatoed madrigals.

Yet have I heard that past these brakes
The brook a broader channel takes—
An ampler harmony awakes.

O might I win where that flood flows !—
I'd yield the reddest petalled rose
Of all my years that goodliest blows

To leave this brooklet's petty ting,
And catch the royal rolling ring
Of songs that I may never sing !

ANATKH

A BIRD may sing of his sorrow all day
And be sure of a mate's reply,
But a man must crush his song to his heart
Till the weaker faint and die.

The world says : " Sound your pipe an you list,
But its notes must be light and gay.
'Tis enough to weep when the night-time falls,
And we will have laughter to-day."

Then 'tis meet and just that a man should die
With his lips at the wassail bowl,
And drown in the snatch of a ribald catch
The swan-song of his soul.

THE POET

HIS COMING

I WAS the thought that a gold sun thought.

I was the sound of the whirling spheres ;
The coronal star on the moon's high brow ;
The trumpeted song of the tramping years.

I was the sigh of the dew on the rose ;
The first faint breath of the breaking day ;
The panting of buds for the prime of bloom ;
The wine-kissed snow of the burgeoning May.

I was the secret the seedlings sighed
Each to each in the dark warm soil ;
The rustle, too, of the yellow grain,
That, dying, laughs at the sickle's toil.

I was the ripple of river and brook ;
The measured lapse of surge and sea ;
The voice of the woods, and the soul of the sky,
And the will of the wind that wanders free !

Good was I all, and the Great Heart said :

“Take to thee tongue and a human form,
And sing unto men the songs that sweep
Over thy soul in a dazzling storm !”

So am I come in a weak man's shape,

Lamped by a light from the gates of Morn,
Singing my songs to the sons of men—
For out of the Heart of God was I born.

HIS WEDDING

BREASTING the rack of the battered sky—

One white star only :

Here, to the lyre of a breaking heart—

I singing lonely.

Lightnings of trustful defiance and hope,

Flashing from far,

Knit us steel-fast in a triumph of love—

I and my star.

Clash of the looms and clamour of change
 Whelmingly ring :
Ne'er can they silence the masterful song
 She gleams, I sing—
 Love is the King !
 Love is the King !

HIS PASSING

YESTREEN I heard a rosebud sigh
 For canker at her heart :
I prayed to God that I
 Might bear her part.

She laughs—the canker ta'en away—
 This gracious God-lit morn,
While I—I faint all day—
 I die ——

VIVE LA COMPAGNIE

THE Lilies are a spotless throng
That listen to the Roses' song,
And sorely shake to all express
The pale pain of their love's excess.

In Eden's garden long ago
The Lilies made a stately show,
And with their young life's joy was blent
The holiness of calm content.

But, on a day, the thoughtless wind,
To consequence of evil blind,
With idle languor bore along
Frail echoes of the Roses' song,

That ruffled all their chastened quiet
To ripples of uneasy riot,
And made their full hearts strain and quiver
Beside the murmuring of the river.

And all adown the wind-swept years,
With futile fall of longing tears,
The Lilies white have prayed release
From pain that knows nor let nor cease.

O Lilies, Lilies ! when and whence
Shall come the sweet intelligence
To wean from out your hearts the fret
Of passion and of vain regret ?

For I, too, walking in your clime,
Have heard you sigh full many a time,
And I have sighed with you, and smiled
To think you had been so beguiled.

For, who is thrall to Love's rose-breath
Is destined to a certain death.
I am a slave myself, and I—
I'll die in right good company.

AMO AND AMAVI

Amo's a little blue-eyed boy

With gold hair tost by the morn-wind's ripples,
And he lies half-lulled in the dayspring's joy,

While the diamond dew in the Rose he tipples.
His thoughtless soul o'er his fair face sends

Laughter a-break in a hundred creases,
And silvery low is his laugh as he rends
The Rose's velvety petals to pieces.

But *Amavi's* a man with a lost soul's eyes,

And lips all wan through the lack of caresses;
And wearily over the eve-wind's sighs

Comes the tearful tale of his love's distresses.
O! dear, dead Love! is his moan's refrain,

That for ever and ever grieves and grieves,
And dies away in triumphant pain

As he gathers the Rose's faded leaves.

FRIENDSHIP

UPON a dim-remembered yesterday
The Sea sank moaning on a lean gray shore,
As for her miserable Evermore
No rest were and no hope. Quivering She lay,
While scornfully, in Tyrian array,
The sacerdotal Sun looked down, laughed, swore,
And walked on t'other side. As the hours wore,
The whitened Levite passed in her cold way. -
Dark fell, and through the palpable thick night,
Stirred only by the inveterate lament
Of the poor Sea, I reached and touched her, bent
My lips to her ; the dark grew ebbless light,
And swiftly waned her sorrow's aching stress
Before the breath of friendship's loveliness.

ACELDAMA

You, dotards ! dream the spot,
Where red Lust works her worst,
A loathly, livid blot,
With lichens crowned and cursed.
You think the place of blood
Must creep with nameless things,
That ashen dark doth brood,
And bird ne'er sings.

But I, who have passed through,
Had flowers about my feet,
And blindest breeze to woo,
And wine-red lips to entreat.
I linnets had to lilt,
And eyes to light the path
That could not lead to guilt—
And ravening wrath.

KISMET

“A striving and a striving, and an ending in
nothing.”—*Schreiner*

WITH load of gold from clover homeward humming,
A bee is poising in the morning sun—
The swooping swiftness of a swallow's coming,
And lo ! the labourer's gone, the labour done.
Where's one that asketh of his heart the why,
The whence, the wherefore ? All say, “All must
die.”

The swallow's heart is light as on he's winging
His noon-day nestward flight—an erring gun
Behind a hedge deals out its sharp pain's stinging,
And lo ! the blythesome little day is done.
Where's one that asketh of his heart the why,
The whence, the wherefore ? All say, “All must
die.”

Through flowery lanes and grassy byeways, flashing

With dew, the sportsman wends at set of sun—
The heavens gloom: a thunderbolt's fierce crash-
ing,

And lo! the sportsman's gone, the sporting
done.

Where's one that asketh of his heart the why,
The whence, the wherefore? All say, "All must
die."

And thus, and thus, it happeneth for ever,

That with the rise and blaze and set of sun
Something unseen o'erturns a man's endeavour,

We see the striver gone, the striving done.
And though we ask the wherefore, whence, and
why,

We needs must say, as all say, "All must die."

THE ONLY IMMORTAL

I TELL you Love's a darling dauntless thing,
Fearless of God and Death and whatsoe'er
Takes tithe of all most beautiful and fair.
He is a bird and none like him can sing,
And none hath such a keen untiring wing :
The envious æons may not hope to impair
His rainbow vans that ever skyward fare
With all their stress of storm and tempest sting.
Let everything that's lovely, gracious, kind,
All needed blisses from my lips dissever,
I'll bate my trust in this blithe singer never,
Who bears so bravely up the bitter wind,
Leaving the royal woe of Earth forever
An irrememberable mote behind.

MY QUEEN

A DIMPLE laugheth in my Queen's soft cheek,
Where scores of elfish loves play hide-and-seek,
Telling their incommunicable bliss
In dalliance dainty as a fairy's kiss.

In the deep shadow of my Queen's dark eye
A million merry loves in ambush lie,
Winging whole armouries of twinkling darts
To the undoing of contented hearts.

And in the coverts of my Queen's brown hair
A million more have made their fragrant lair,
And coyly nestle, crooning in her ear
Love-songs so low that only she may hear.

O! let me 'list in this Love-companie,
That near my Queen I may forever be,
To shield from Time and Sorrow's vandal race
The glory of her loveliness's grace.

I'll sit beside her ear, and sing a song
So sweet Eternity will not seem long ;
The stars will bend down from their azure steep,
And hearkening, tremble into love-lulled sleep.

I'll wait eternities for one caress
From her lips' ravishing delightsomeness,
To show my patient service has been seen,
And is not quite contemned by my sweet Queen.

ACHIEVEMENT ?

BEATING up and down the sea,
Recking naught of time or tide,
Sailing, sailing wearily,
I and brother Palomyde.

Long we've spread our yearning sail
O'er the surly seas to glide,
And we've cursed the loitering gale,
I and brother Palomyde.

Winds may wake or winds may sleep,
Stars may shine or stars may hide,
Aye our wistful watch we keep,
I and brother Palomyde.

For we seek the Morning Star—
Ever dreamers' only bride—
And we sight the harbour bar,
I and brother Palomyde.

But our galley idly rocks,
 Idly on an idle tide,
And the slow wind only mocks
 Me and brother Palomyde.

Shall we ever pass the bar?
 Shall we yet at anchor ride
In the silver of our Star—
 Shall we, brother Palomyde?

OVERSEA

A MISER's grip hath Winter on the ravished land,
And there is jar of tears and death on every hand ;
But I have laughter on my lips, for with no dim
Dull sense I know Spring lieth in the loins of him.
'Twas only yestereve the pale pinched Sun blushed
 bright,

And cried, " My Love ! my Love ! Sweet Spring !
 O gladdest sight
 Far oversea ! "

And in this faithless night that knows no paltriest
 star—

Stock-dumb save for a faint hoarse hint of sea
 afar—

I laugh, because I see what others do not guess—
An unimaginable flush of starriness—

The East rose-red with breaking stars ; because I
 hear

The low sweet speech wherewith Love stills des-
 pairing fear

 Far oversea.

Dark is not dark, nor Winter Winter, when a thrill
Of music—felt, not heard—from some reverberate
rill

Of golden antiphones, bringeth good cheer of
Spring,

And faith that falters not, but with unpalsied
wing,

Above the clash of Reason's internecine wars,
High-hearted beats for what conjectured morning-
stars

Far oversea.

DEATH

Is it rest and exceeding peace
And agony's surcease?
Is it to be bound again
On the wheel of pain?
Is it to drink of Life more deep,
Or for ever and ever to lie and sleep?

Are we as lightest thistle-seed,
That never know thought or deed,
To be swirled away by a wind
To lands where the Spring shall find
The painful shoots of us sprouting anew,
Nourished by spitefullest sun and dew?

Is it a summer shower's
Insistence on parchèd flowers?
Is it December's hail,
That threshes with ruthless flail
Alike the corn and the empty chaff,
While the gods at their ease look down and laugh?

I asked of the Sea, who replied
In the moan of a hungry tide :
“ I have hopes of a silver shore
And slumber for evermore,
But ever through cloud and rain and stream
I pass like the darting thoughts of a dream.”

The Wind said : “ From East to West
I wander and never have rest ;
Whirling from North to South—
Unslaked is the thirst of my mouth.
The Wells of Peace are I know not where,
Yet I seek, for the seeking itself is fair.”

BEANBLOSSOM

PURPLE, and blue, and white,
And a chance impoverished red,
Burning for sudden flight,
The blossomy wings are spread.

Comes a hint by the Mercury-wind
From the Jove of Summer's skies,
And like souls of another kind,
A-flutter as butterflies,

They pant to be free—but alas !
Though straining sore to be gone,
They cannot, they cannot pass
The impalpable Rubicon.

Frail petals, whose life is a rune
Of shivering beauty, be still !
And drink of the joys of June,
While Autumn's yet over the hill !

LETHE

Do we unripely issue from the womb
Of songless silence, that we hurry by
The rhapsodies of Earth and Sea and Sky,
And immelodious jostle to the tomb,
Taking no song with us to cheer the gloom—
No royal rhythm of star, no low wind's sigh,
No lyric laughing from the daisy's eye?
Ah! brothers, that were despicable doom!
See! here's a snowdrop whose auroral bell
Might swing God's soul into a silver sleep!
Take of its liquid music long and deep,
And in your desert make with it a well,
Wherein on some hot midnight you may steep
The burning madness of a voiceless hell!

A LOVE DITTY

WHEN Love is young
His wings are golden-tipped,
His mouth is honey-lipped,
And from his tongue
Drops melody
Like surge of silver bells,
Like low and murm'rous swells
And moonlit rippings on the summer sea.

When Love is old,
Hushed is his throat's full ring?
His honey turned to sting?
Gone is his gold?
If Love he be,
His gold unsullied gleams ;
His lips still sweet ; and streams
Full forth a richer rush of melody.

But false love dies,
And from his dry, cracked lips
Pale Death a guerdon sips
Of deadened lies.

His song is sigh
Of death. His peacock plume
Is grey with ashen gloom.
We weep, and inward laugh, to see him die.

GLORIOUS FOLLY

THEY tell me lovers all are mad
To steep their souls in Melancholy.
Then I should be in Bedlam bound,
For lo ! I glory in my folly.

Dared I to spurn the downcast god
'Twere fealty broke—nay, highest treason—
For roses redden every year,
And lovers sigh in every season.

And so I sigh, and dream and sigh,
Till life becomes a rifted shadow,
Wherethrough I see afar, beyond,
A misty, starlit El Dorado.

But never long have I content
Or happiness in dreams elysian—
The nut is empty, parched the brook,
And shivered every fondest vision.

O ! Dreams are dust ; dry ashes, Hope ;
And hungry fooling, Melancholy ;
Yet I am madder than before,
And, more, I glory in my folly.

LIFE IN DEATH

SWEET is the restful charm of bloom and tree,
And so men will that these should overhang
Their last low bed, and Life's delirious pang
Thus drink the anodyne of greenery,
Soft winnowing of wind, and hum of bee.
The Cæsar proud, whose voice in onset rang,
Whose soul rose blazing at the battle's clang,
In death seeks woodland shade and minstrelsy.
Give me a bed beside the jostling street,
That I may list Life's long battalions fare
Upon the restless road of human care.
Then, when I hear my brothers' footfalls beat
Reveill   of a resurrection rare,
I'll laugh, and largely live, and deem life sweet !

FROM FAËRIE

TO MY LADY

THE starry coverts thridden—

Where tender winds at play
Are sighing secrets hidden

From all of churlish clay—
I bring a song that Love makes sweet,
And lay it at My Lady's feet.

Long time ligged I unbidden

Within Titania's bounds,
And stored my soul, unhidden,

With little songs and sounds.
These now I bring by Love made sweet,
And lay them at My Lady's feet.

The dross of mortal moiling

Hath slain their purer sheen,
Yet spite that sordid soiling

I bring them to My Queen.
By Love's light lusted, fair and sweet,
I lay them at My Lady's feet.

FROM FAËRIE

I

THE BELL

Low from ferny fell,
 Low from breezy brake,
Sounds the elfin bell !
 Fairies all, AWAKE !
Through murmur-haunted hollows
 The mellow toll is stealing,
And faster, faster, follows
 The echo of its pealing.
Athwart this El Dorado,
 Where all but Music sleeps
In shifting sheen and shadow,
 The joyous jangle sweeps.

Low from daisied dell,
 Low from liliated lake,
Sounds the elfin bell,
 Fairies all, AWAKE !
O'er dewy heights and valleys
 Diana pale is bending,
And pouring from her chalice
 White wine of mystic blending.

Her bounty why thus scorning?
Come, sleepy fairies, up!
Arise and drain ere morning
Diana's loving cup!

II

THE SOUNDS OF THE NIGHT

Sing—

THE brooklet carols a treble clear
Your tardy ears to greet,
And the bluebell waits with a longing ear
The fall of your twinkling feet.

CHORUS (*subdued*) of winds and leaves—

Then rouse ye, rouse ye, merry, merry men!
Then rouse ye, maidens fair!
Come, sprightly spring from the drowsy glen,
And busk ye debonnair!

The willow weeps and wistfully sighs
For fear ye may not wake,
And the million eyes of the starry skies
Are bent on this lonely brake.

CHORUS—

Then rouse ye, rouse ye, merry, merry maids !

Then rouse ye, gallants gay !

Come, lightly trip to the gladsome glades

Where the moon-glints love to play !

III

THE WAKING

THERE'S a rustle in the glade,

And a stirring in the trees,

Lightest laughter in the shade

And its tinkle on the breeze.

There's a whispering by the well,

And a babbling by the brook,

There is prattling on the fell,

And a hum in every nook.

There's a hushing on the dunes,

There's a murmur on the mere,

And a feathery fall of tunes—

Fairy liltings, far and near.

'Tis the waking of the elves,
 'Tis the rousing of the fays,
In the glen of mossy shelves
 Where they drowse their lazy days.

IV

THE GATHERING

THEY come ! They come !
To the tuck of tiny drum,
While the clarion calling clear,
Maketh answer, cheer on cheer,
To the cymbal's royal clash.
Under leafy flags that flash,
Like the clouds of Morning's joyaunce, in their glee,
 They rally
 To the valley,
 Where the river's
 Bosom quivers
In the rapture of Delight's expectancy !

Imperial Oberon comes in his crown,
With a sceptre of pearl in his hand,
In his ermine mantle of thistle-down,
The whitest in Fairyland.
In his dew-bediamonded diadem
Of Autumn's red gold beat fine,
Glows many a starry-radiant gem
From the Gnome-King's darkest mine.

Titania next, with a girdle of green
Zoning her waist of bliss,
With sandals shapen of silver sheen
On feet that a god might kiss.
A filmy veil of gosammer grace
Drapeth and maketh moon-dim
The peerless glow of her lovely face,
And the gleam of each dreamy limb.

With a laugh for the gay and a smile for the sad,
Queen Mab steps softly along—
The Princess whose soul is with love-dreams mad,
Whose pulses make passionate song.

In her hair is the glory of Autumn on hills,
She has Summer's largesse on her lips,
And the Spring in her eyes driveth Winter, who
chills
Men's hearts, to rout and eclipse.

* * * * *

After revels, the elusive nature of which it is impossible to fetter to phraseology, even by fancy, QUEEN MAB tells how she was rapt away to AVRILAINE—the April-land of Love—and what she heard there. Thus she says :—

V

A LAZY mood uplifted me,
And, willy-nilly, drifted me
O'er sea and peak and plain
Unto the vales of Avrilaine,
Which lie beyond where utmost stars
Raise purple curtains, jewelled spars,
And pitch their proud pavilions
In iridescent millions.

This Avrilaine is all one garden,
With only Love for warden
To tend the leaning lilies,
Jasmine and daffodillies,
The roses and the musk,
That sigh their souls upon the dusk
In wafture faint and essence thin
To waylay wary Sense,
Cozen Experience,
And lure to Passion's stainless sin.

There lay I in a swooning mist
Of passion-flowers, whose petals kissed
The stream that curls with slow caresses
Through that most wildering of wildernesses.
And there, through all the hours moon-bright,
The tender things of Night
Panted to music, wild and strange
As is the changeless voice of change.

Thus sang a hidden star,
Whose thrill came thin and frail from far—

O love !

Whose lip leaves such sweet ache
That starhood stars forsake
For one undying touch
Of it —— yea, but so much ! ——

Where art Thou, Love, O where ?
My hands I stretch in the dark.
I have waited, waited long,
And not even a slender spark

Hast Thou sent to show me the place
Where Thy virginal glories dwell.
If Thou stintest me, Love, of Heaven,
Withhold not a hint of Hell !

After the winning manner of his kind
Then sang a warm west wind——

Alas ! too soon is Springtime's primrose vest
Cast off by Summer with a buxom jest ;
Too soon lean Winter loosens Summer's zone,
Thieving the crimson blossom of her breast ;

And all too soon Love's gold is filched away
By pilfering cares and passions of a day.

Buds burgeon but to blow ; dust goes to dust ;
And you and I, Love, yet again to clay.

Care battens on the hopes, and sore doth twine
His fingers in the heartstrings all divine,

Of youngling Love. Come, let us bribe the churl
With Rubies from the Treasure-House of Wine !

We are so round enhemmed with passions fine,
Lacking the guidance of celestial sign

To-day we court the dalliance of the Rose,
To-morrow sue the Poppy or the Vine.

So let us love, my Love, while 'tis *To-day!*
For none dare boast that Love endures alway—

Or even stems To-night's brief starlessness.
He only right is holding that it may.

And then a seraph sighed,
Like Music's effluent tide—

I call my Love Persephone,
Persephone !

I linger on its melody—
Persephone !

I do remember. Once she fell—
Persephone !
And now she haunts the halls of Hell—
Persephone !

Hell's folks at sight of her rejoice—
Persephone !
And moan her name with lonely voice—
Persephone !

Thou coolest all their sumless stings,
Persephone !
The Moon beats hot upon my wings,
Persephone !

VI

THEN ere I well was ware,
A moment's flight through air
Brought me to earth again
From Avrilaine's despairing ken,

I found myself within a nest
Of honeysuckle laid to rest,
That climbed about a Maiden's bower
Her nights and days with scent to dower.
About my perfumed prison
The Roses to the Moon late-risen
Laid bare their golden hearts,
And craved her dew to ease their smarts.

Then came a Man there with a lute,
And by the door he stood.
With keen solicitude
The weary Night grew mute
To hear his song, and haply catch
A hint of help from its most aimless snatch.
(None in the hells beneath, or heavens above,
Utters the sovereign speech of Love
Like man, whose soul's a-strain
With passionate pain.)

This Man's voice sounded low
As hush of falling snow—

The moon hangs low in the languorous night,
The golden fire of Orion pales,
And half a-swoon in a dream of delight
The lime-leaves gossip their tender tales.
The dozing breeze trails slow and sweet
Over the long lush grass at my feet,
And the drowsy sounds of the night-time keep
A long-drawn time
To the unheard chime
Of the song, that my heart sings, " Sleep, Love !
sleep.

Sleep, my Belovèd ! sleep.
While the golden stars and I stand guard,
Wary to watch and faithful to ward,
Sleep, my Belovèd ! sleep "

Sleep, my Belovèd ! The night shows fair.

Soon shall the birds from the orchard's bounds
Waken the world to its round of care,
And its jarring din of a million sounds.
Then the tempest of strife and incessant moil,
And the hive-like hum of humanity's toil,
Like breaking billows, will only keep

A broken time
To the unheard chime
Of my song, that would still sing, "Sleep, Love !
sleep.

Sleep, my Belovèd ! sleep.
While the golden stars and I stand guard,
Wary to watch and faithful to ward,
Sleep, my Belovèd ! sleep."

Love would not let the Maiden sleep,
Or silence keep.
The door she opened wide,
And beckoned to her side
The longing lad.

God and the Night were glad.

VII

LOUD from ferny fell,
Loud from sunny steep,
Sounds the Elfin bell !
Fairies all, TO SLEEP !

O'er murmur-haunted hollows
 Its hurried roll is reeling,
And faster, faster follows
 The clamour of its pealing.
Athwart this El Dorado—
 Where crooning windlets creep
In breaking beam and shadow—
 The echoes proudly sweep.

Loud from daisied dell,
 Loud from dewy deep,
Sounds the Elfin bell !
 Fairies all, TO SLEEP !
On thirsty heights and valleys
 Sir Phœbus is o'erspilling
From his auroral chalice
 Red wine of Morn's distilling.
To him must ye show scorning--
 To Dian fealty keep !
Come, fairies, 'tis the morning—
 To sleep ! To sleep ! To sleep !

ENVOI

SAY, little Wren ! whence comes thy voice that
sounds through day and dark?—
From Him, who doth so dower with song the
Nightingale and Lark.

FINIS

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